that sort of comfort is very cold comfort indeed. Finally a few days before Christmas I took the pen in my own hand and precipitated active operations by writing to him. I covered three pages and seven-eighths of a fourth page with perfunctory tidings about myself and inquiries about him; then I gave the remaining eighth of the fourth page to the genuine point and purpose of my spistle. Do write to me at once and tell me everything that has happened in St. Mark's place since my departure. And, by the by, howere the Eczardys? What news from Bermuda of the doctor's health! And mademoiselle? Is she always the

I looked for an immediate answer from the exterminator; but ten days passed before his answer came. When in the end it did come-but I will copy it be-

DEAR Mr. Parer-Your favor of 22d ultimo to hand and contents noted. Glad to hear you get hand and contents noted. Glid to hear you got along all right. Yes, thank you, I am pretty well and had a very busy somen, with com-ments and realised up little. The reason I didn't write to you before I hadn't nothing to say, a nothing had happened. But since your latter was received a great deal has happened. Dr. Beauthy is died down there in Bermuthi. I always said he have gooding twell, and his body come home or than the latter well, and his body come home or the ship and been buried, and Miss Borardy she pack up and leave New York to go to Russia. All morning last wick, and she expect a letter by it morning fast wick, and she expect a letter by if from her father, when instead size got word he is died die in there, and his evaluar is on board the ship in abox. Size went crazy, and I had so manage tha hois business. We burned him in the centery over on Long Island, wile it mowed, and then she tole me size made up her mind to leave New York and go to Rissita. She peck up in a hurry and sail or the boat for have well-arred Warfenselay morning. She tole me now Have Wednesday morning. She tels me, now my father is dead I got sething more to live for, so I go to Russia and offer mysolf to serve the revolution. I stylic one blow in the same time to avenge my father and to help the struggle of Russian liberty, and then I die. Good-by.

If you let me know twenty-four hours before you come back I have the rooms cleaned up nice and first to warm them. Otherwise overything is the same as always. Take good care of your self, and believe me, with the highest esteem, your devoted A. Mcamar.

I remember what followed as one remembers the delirium of a sick bed. I remember reaching Muselle's kouse and hearing, viva voce, from his line a confirmation of what he had written. Miss Eczardy had gone to Russia, to St. Petersburg. She had gone, she said, to strike a blow for Russian liberty, to avence her father and to die. Then I remember many days of great misery and mental struggle and hesitation; then I remember that at last I took a resolution which brought me something almost like relief. I remember a long sea voyage railway journey across France and Ger- ing and rolls a cigarette before he replies many and through the forests and over the snows of Russia. I remember a in the mornin', Jim?" great strange city, where the people spoke an incomprehensible language and where it was night nearly all the twenty. where it was night nearly all the twentyfour hours. I remember a big, bustling hotel, where the people spoke French and where the gas was kept perpetually burning. I remember walking the streets bei, I have. That fellow the freighters of that great dark city day after day for hung give me three pair o' daisy blankets. -it may have been a fortnight, it may have been a month. I remember that drawed. Outside's best, I reckon. as I walked those streets I peered anxionsly into the face of every woman whom I passed, hoping, hoping, hoping that somewhere among them I might meet her. But I remember that all my hope was embittered by the thought that no hope could have been more unreason- the bend? able, none more forlors. Yet I kept on walking the streets, and I clung to my hope, in defiance of reason, as a drowning man clings to a straw. At last I remember that one day as I

stood in the portico of the hotel I saw a bread is the best round up bakin' out. manifestly his aides or attendants. I Shorty had turown a boot at the candle remember that an Englishman who was stuck on the describl, Hairy Mike standing at my side turned to me and asked, "Do you know who that is?" "No," said I. "Who is he?"

"That is Gen. Ogaref."

miliar, but I can't recall the connection in which I have heard it. "Why, he is celebrated for having

sent a greater number of Politicals to the gallows or to Siberia than any other of the czar's servitors." "Ah, yes," I said: "it is in that connec-

tion that I have heard his name." Then it came back to me, causing my

heart to leap and burn, that it was Gen. Ogaref who had condemned Dr. Eczardy to his Siberian exile. That same day, perhaps an hour later,

I was walking upon one of the islands of Presently I came upon a great surging,

excited crowd. "What is the trouble? Why the talking roughly to one of those girls

erowd?" I asked in French of a gentleman at my elbow.

shot. He was riding out accompanied presof speech under certain circumstant by a couple of aides, when, just above Be sensible. Nelly, I believe this is all there, where the crowd is densest, a nonsense, but if you want to make a run young woman sprang toward him from for it I'll pay your fare east and see that

"Ah! The young woman-who was "I have not heard her name. I do not know if the police have learned it."

"But she has been arrested. I suppo appears that, having shot the general, before she could be apprehended she emptied two chambers of her revolver into her own breast and fell down dead."

The police were by this time forcing an alleyway through the crowd. By and by two policemen marched through the Crazy creek he was wondering what he alleyway carrying a stretcher. Upon could do. that stretcher, ghastly in his magnificent uniform, lay Gen. Ogaref, dead. Two more policemen followed, bear-

ing a second stretcher. "It is she, it is she, the assassin!" murmured the crowd, and there was an

Upon this second stretcher, white and cows. Take one o' them extry horses

beautiful and still, lay Sophia Paulovna Eczardy, dead. For many weeks I tossed upon a pallet

in the English Inspital beside myself in a fever. Then I returned to reason, and gradually to health. But I wished that I had died. The romande of my life was over; the tragedy of my life had been played out.

An April Wisard. At Norristown, Me., W. B. Logan, a horseshoes, made nine ministure horse shoes from a silver ton cent piece. Each shoe has the number of holes usually drilled in horseshoes of the ordinary size. but, strange to say, the smallest needle wonders. Logan has made affidavit that was made with the same hommer and punch used in making the largest sized real horseshoes.—St. Louis Republic.

## A WEDDING IN WYOMING

Jim Mason dismounted at Burton's ranch, turned his pony into the corral and strode heavily into the bunk room. One of the riders of Burton's outfit said "How?" and Jim gave him the same terse

"What's new over Crazy Creek way?" asked Long Pete.

"Nuthin' much. Is the old man here Max wants him to send over a couple o' you bucks to help swim them northern cattle 'cross the river. We're short-

"Better see him after supper. Got his two gal daughters out here now, and they're feedin' in the new shanty. Them two dude cow punchers eats with 'em, an' they take a sight o' time."

"I don't hold with women and dudes on a cow ranch much," said Jim.

"Who does?" ejaculated Hairy Mike. "I'm goin' to quit Burton. With college chaps comin' out here and swellin' roun' it ain't no place for a common waddy. run cows in this country when the Injuns business. One o' the dudes he stacked up longside o' me on circle t'other day, an' he says, 'Fine mornin', Mike!' I says, 'Yes, it ain't, an' you'd better not monkey 'roun' me with yer chann talk. I'm a six-shooter from way back, I am: I eat snakes, an' I'm a wolf-you hear me howl?' That's how I throwed it into smarty."

"The dames is pretty slick dames," said Pete. "Ole Burton reckons to marry the plug tooth dude to one uv 'em. Seems his ole man owns a railroad east somewheres. "Maybe so. Plug tooth 'ull fool him up a trip," growled Mike. "He's a no 'count Reckon his people sent him out here to keep whisky out my him. Durn him-

"Kin he ride?" asked Jim. "Ride nuthin". Burton gave him a string plumb gentle horses. Sets 'em soldie shion. Well," said Pete, "the dame think he's nicer'n a white faced yearlin He's sure gittin' in his fine work with the herself. There's slush a hollerin'. Well. we kin rustle grub if we don't cat with the

keepin' some good man out uv a job."

painted house and discharged his mis-

"Did you see the gals?" asked Mike en he returned to the riders' cahin "Got a kind o' squint at 'em. Which on it has the sort o' open month-short them actresses 't come to Chevenne. after. What is it he answers to? Scran-

A man rather over six feet in height across a stormy wintry ocean; a long looks up from the rawhide rope he is braid-

> "Ruther. We gathered a raft o' cattle Pound my ear to-night, though, pretty

> "You may's well crawl into my dog's I'll roll her out soon's I get the strand

> sleepin' indoors-not without it snows. That's why the city chaps look so rockydon't let the wind blow through their Wonder who'll git to go over the river with you," said Mike, "Camped down by

> "Is the company givin' pretty good chuck this year?

"Way up. Msc makes 'em. There ain't any more dried apples on the wag'n, but ole Greaser Smith is cookin' fer us, an' his man go prancing by on horseback. He hear them Horseshoe Y 3 men is gittin was dressed in a very magnificent nni- condensed milk. Now, I call that civilizing form, and behind him rode two other men, also in uniform, but less magnificent, coffee ought to quit singin' to the cows."

the camp on the North Platteriver. "Gen. Ogaref? The name sounds far miles on the way Jim discovered that he other men that he would lope back for it and overtake them on the divide. Reaching the ranch be searched the bunk room

barn to see if it lay where he had left his Crossing the corral toward the barn door he was arrested by the sound of a woman's voice within the building. Jim was not a curpet knight, and would have left his enert more willingly than faced one of Burton's daughters. As he stood hesitating he heard a little cry of pain, and

then a man's voice said sharply: "Don't be a fool. Nelly." It was not old Burton who spoke, Jim was sure of that—it must be one of the "dudes"—and he listened. If any one was "But you promised, Arthur, you prom

"Precisely. And I probably told you "They say that Gen. Ogaref has been that you were an angel. Nen will use figthe footpath and fired a bullet straight you're comfortable. But as for marrying through his heart. Nihilist, of course." you, I can't do it—not you, at any rate. If you see fit to make a scandal you'll be bit-ing your nose off to spite your face, that's I'd be in a mess, certainly-but where

"And if I went east!" "If you let me manage it in my own way "Why, no. That's just the point. It you'll be Mrs. Scranton a year from now and nebody will know the difference What is the use of all this crying?

"Oh, Arthur-Lum so wretched"-Jim Mason left the corral and spurred after the men. He could not face the poor girl, and be dreaded making more trouble for her. But all the way to the mouth of

"Say, Mac," said Jim Mason to the Half Circle Cross foreman that night, "I got to go to town. Wouldn't leave when you're so rushed, on'y can't help it. I kin come out in a couple o' days.'

Mac poked his pipe thoughtfully, "Well, eager pressing forward to catch sight of be as quick as you kin. If the river don't go down it's gone to be a job swimming your string is kind o' worked down. If you see any men, I want two 'r three-

Next night Jim was in Charanne

went to the house of the Crazy Crock Cattle company's general manager and said: "Mr. Grey, I want to get a hundred dollars

"Why, Jim, this is a new trick for you, coming to town in the middle of work, and

wanting to play faro."
"I had to come in, Mr. Grey—and it ain't faro I want it for." "I haven't got that much, but I'll see if my wife has. Can't you wait till the office

is open in the morning!" I'd rather not; but I kin borrow it round town if you sin't got it." Mr. Grey got the money and told Jim to

sign for it at the company's office the next All right-an' you know I asked you to look after my back wages fur me; there's about six hundred. I'd like that in the

"Well, go slow with it, Jim. Mac is talk-ing of going back east after this season, and we shall want you to take his place. "I reekon I know the brands as well as most of 'em. But Mae is a nateral born cowman. That rheumatize is a pesky

thing, ain't it?" "Cattle looking well?" "Fairish. Range is gettin' pretty crowd-

"Good night, Jim." From there he went down to Wes Moyer's. The proprietor of the Diamond Pal ace saloon was watching a monte game, but assented to Jim's proposition to "have a bottle of wine."

Over the champagne Jim said: "Look here, Wes, I want a couple o' men to go out to Mac. Is there any good hands "Yes; there's Tex-he's broke alreadyand Heifer Jack; we'll about get his wages

cleaned up to-night. He's playin' five dol-"All right. Now I want you to put me onto a little racket, Wes, on the quiet. I want to run up agin' a busted preacher-a

preacher that wants stuff pretty bad. "I don't worry with that brand much But most o' them bucks is pratty well fixed, Jim. There's that Noyes chap, though, him as the Methodist fired out o' Denver-he's up to Dyer's hotel, an' if he's busted he's sober. Round him up any

"All right, I will. So long." "See you agin 'fore you hit the breeze?"

The Rev. Mr. Noves proved to be reason

ably sober, and accepted the stranger's invitation to drink with alacrity. "You're a preacher, ain't you?" said Jim "I have that hotor. I am glad to look like it. Malicious men have hinted that

my presence was not too clerical. Mine, sir, has been a checkered career-monk,

spiritualist, nigger minstrel and canine "Not interruptin'—do you want a couple of twenties?" asked Jim, displaying the ins in question with ingenuous sagneity. The Rev. Mr. Noves abruptly deposited

should smile!" "Kin I dicker with you, straight?" "Go ahead."

"Will you step budgin' fer two or three days and take a trip out Fort Laramie way with me. It's ten dollars a day, and ten dollars extry for the wear o' your tools. Bible and sich.

ranch an' hitch 'em.

"Only you see this feller he has a gradge preachers. I reckon one of 'em onto him?" sinched him playln' monte or somethin' an' I might have to hold him down like while you do the marryin', so he can't erawl your hamp."

"I think we understand each other, Mr. "All right. I'm goin' to sleep with you to-night, so's to know you ain't a-drinkin', and we want to start about half-past 9got to do a little somethin' here first.

"Don't you wan't to buy a wedding Yes, I reckon I du!" 'Sell you the ticket for one cheap. Uncle

ake's got it down by the railroad."
"Fix that in the mornin'. Come to bed
ow. I ain't slep' in sheets fer a tarnation time. I'll git you a stiddy horse to ride out, preacher."

When the Rev. Mr. Noyes dismounted at Mountain Lion ranch the next day he was weary and bruised, but cheerful. "Quiet sort of place, this," he remarked.
"You mightn't think it, Mr. Mason, but I was once a hermit. I set up a cell about three miles out of Son Francisco, and peole used to drive out there with offerings, in the flush times, that was, and I've had as many as four boxes of cigars brought to me in one day.

'You wouldn't drive much uv a trade here," said Jim, grimly. "You can see this cabin's on'y used when the outlit gits 'round here on the mif-gather, and wants the corrals to brand in. Used to keep a ranchman here to hinder fellers from to speak to this gen'l'man outsi burnin' the corrals for firin', but it's so er, you and the lady wait here. out of the year they don't do it now. I get snore gave the signal for silence and rest. the hotel folks to put up ten lunches in At daylight next morning Jim Mason this suck—one uv 'em is fur the gal, but and two of the Burton riders started for you kin tackle the balance. I'll git a fire in the stove fur you, an'then I got to light out again. You jus' eat an' pound yer ear had left his cuert at Burton's, and told the | till I stir you ap agin tomor'. Ef anybody comes along, tell em' you got smallpoo an' run 'em off. Reckon you won't bothered. Give me that flask out o' vour cont fust—'d yer think I wasn't onto it? Well, ain't 'nough there to git tight on, I

guess. So long, preacher.' At midnight Jim reached Burton's ranch, turned his tired and hungry pony into the pasture, and picked his way into about the door. Hairy Mike, who was sleeping by the stove, rolled over, and saluted him with: "You back again? Stam-

"Stampede nuthin". Where's them waddie's beds that went over with me? "In the corner where them bridles is bangin," and Mike went to sleep again

while Jim unstrupped and rolled out a bed. In the morning to waited about the corral until he saw Screnton, and then said Say, Pluctooth, was it you was wanting to buy that black horse o' French Charley's the one as ac broke ter leap fences?"

'Well, if you're kind o' slick about it you him get him fer fifty. French owes me some dust, an' I got to get it. He's now. If you kin, come right over an' PH git this Burton gang to know nothin' 'bont it till the horse is sold. He owes the ole man

some stuff I b'lieve," Scrunton's eyes glistened - the black horse was worth a hundred, and he hastily saidled a pony. They rode over to Moun-tain Lion together, Jim's horse beginning to need the spur toward the end of the surney. Entering the corral they dis mounted, and as Scranton was about to tossed the loop of his rists over the "dude's" shoulders, drawing it up so that Scranton's arms were pinioned at his sides. "Quit your fooling" said Scranton sur-

"It's your foolin' I calkilate to stop, Plugtooth," replied Jim as he drew Scran-

ton's pistel from its scabbard and stuck it in his own beit. Then he wound the rawhide rope round his hand close up to the houdoo and led

"Got same comp'ny for ye, preacher."
"Delighted," said the Rev. Mr. Noyes As the locum tenens of the dioces Mountain Linn I welcome you to its cloisters, my young friend."

'Are you one of the gang?" snarled Scranton. "So you've turned road agent, m Mason. Take the fifty and let me go. You're new at the business."

Jim plucked open the stove door with his sporred keel and thoughtfully sput in the

"Violent language, my son" exclaimed Noves. "If you are sincerely curious as to the purpose of my presence here, I don't mind telling you that I am here to sol -a funeral, and that you are about the size of corpse required."

Jim tooked up sharply, whistled a line f "Never Take the Horseshoe from the loor," opened the stove door with the other heel, pursed up his mouth tenta-tively, hemitated, kicked the door in place again and said-"Es to the fifty, I'll take it when I want

"Are you both crazy?" "Oh, no, Plugtooth, we ain't been eatin' no loco. Look here, you're goin' to be left alone here with this gen'l'man, an' you're goin' to be tied up, which he ain't. Now, Plugtooth, I got a notion he's the sort of ornery chap that if you sass him will knock the stuffin' out o' you—so long ez yer tied up. An' if I was you I'd be kinder perlite, I would."

Scranton swore savagely, and the Rev Mr. Noyes expressed his reprobation of the

practice of profanity.
"No use worryin' him, preacher," said
Jim. "Now, I'm goin' to tie him down on thet bench, an' then I've got to quit you one while. Here's his pop, preacher, an' ef he wriggles too much chuck a hunk o' wood at him, but don't shoot of you can help it. And you kin talk to him about anythin' not too excitin'. Savvy?" Perfectly.

"And water him if he gets dry." When Scranton had been carefully secured Jim called Noyes to one side and

"You don't want to try and square your self with the dude, preacher. Never change sides in the middle uv a fight. Ef you do I'll follow you plumb to Tophet but what "I quite believe it-you needn't worry

"I don't worry much." "When will you be back with the lady?"

"Tomor', I reckon. Don't say nothin' bout her to him. Jest kinder amuse him like; lies an' sich. So long, preacher.' Jim saddled the horse and rode over to within two or three miles of Burton's, and then took the bridle off, hitched the macarte on his wrist, and wrapping himself in the oilskin "slicker" slept soundly through the night, while the horse cropped the grass within the scope of his tether. In the morning, an hour after sunrise, he rode down to the ranch. The men were all out on the range, and after getting a cup of coffee from the cook Jim awaited developments. By and by Helen Burton went down to the corral, and he followed her. She said good morning absently enough, and Jim's heart failed him a lit But he pulled himself together.

"Miss Helen, do you know that Scran-"Well, he's over ter Mountain Lion, an' he wants ter know ef yer wouldn't like ter

ride over there with me. "Not 'zactly ill, but he's got a feller from "My sister an' her feller wants to git town over there. I reckon he wants you You're to meet 'em at an empty to-well, I ain't sure, but seems to me he's a preacher! Anywise, he wants you to come and not say nothin'. Will I catch up that little blue o' yourn and clap your hull

"Thank you, yes. Oh, it's a long way over. Can I get back"—
"Oh, that'll be all right."

Helen Burton's clever little blue pony gave the hired horse a stiff pull, and early n the afternoon they rode into the corra at Mountain Lion. "Will you jist hold on here a minit!" said Jim, and entered the house, where he

released Scranton. "Now, Plugtooth, there's a dame com in' in here, and the preacher is going to marry you. An' I'm goin' to look on through the winder. Ef yer make a kick or don't behave pretty to that dame you'll

forty-five. Savvy! I mean it, too, you little scoundrel. Git your fixin's ready, preacher, and tie them solid and quick. When Jim brought Ellen in the cabin she ran toward Scranton, and was about to speak to him when the Rev. Mr. Noyes

for the moment we will consider this ruda but a place of worship. Here is the ring. ed. The final injunctions which Mr. Noyes so unctuously delivered seemed to exas-

perate Scranton beyond all patience, and turning to his bride he said: "I hope you are satisfied. If I don't"-Jim Mason's hand dropped on his shoul-

"Excuse me, Mis' Scranton, but I want to speak to this gen'l'man outside. Preach-

where a box elder made a feeble effort to shade its cattle trodden banks. Jim returned Scranton's pistol, saving "Now, I'll trouble you for that fifty for

Aranton seized the weapon, a new self cocking revolver, and fired almost in Jim's face. He was not successful, however, in his revenge; his rage was uncontrollable Jim's reply was prompt. "I didn't think you'd try it," he said, and as Scranton was

about to fire again Jim shot him through Helen, hearing the shots, tried to force her way out of the door, and had almost pushed by Noyes when Jim entered, his

face flecked with whitish clots, and checked "Thar's nuthin' that now. You'd better parry me, I recken, Wilder Scranton." Helen stood in the doorway white and ared, winte Noyes, in compliance with a

om Jim, married then As Noves left the cabin Helen fell heavion the floor. Jim wet his hand in the ucket and dabbled the water awkwardly on her head. When she recovered he led her to the corral and lifted her into her

Now, Miss Helen, you ride to Pine infla. You know the trail. There's ough in this want to take you east, and ten you write to Jim Mason, Crazy Creek attle company, and lemme know what' you are, so you'll git more. I'll see your ole man to night and make it all right with him. When you want a divorce you git it. So long, Miss Helen."—True Flag.

The statistics of the Paris exposition are very interesting. The Eiffel tower, costing 7,514,095 france, had a gross from May 15 to Nov. 5 of 6,459,584 france exposition proper showed a profit of 8,000,000 frames, against a profit of 4,180,-840 frames at the exposition of 1867, and a loss in 1878 of 3 704.800 france. Adding the increase of the bank balance, of the receipts of railroads, of the revenue, etc., a total gain not far short of 500,000,000 france is shown. To this must be added the strictly private receipts. Allowing 1,500,000 foreign visitors, spending on an average 500 francs each, and 6,000,000 from the revinces of France, spending an average of about 100 francs each, 1,900,000,000 francs

appears so the private receipts, giving a

total of 1,730,000,000 france direct monetary

gain, or about \$350,000,000.-New York

Yes.

Commercial Advertiser. A solid young fellow who had been writ-ing a letter wish a pencil, got up from his seat in the Eric depot for a stroll around, leaving his unfinished letter on the seat. 4 man came in, took the seat to wait for his train and in an absent way picked up the missive. He held it in his hands when the young man returned and said: hat's my letter, mister." Well you oun have it." was the reply. 'Did you read is? N-o. That is, I glanced over a few

ies of it and noticed that hardly a word s as spelled correctly." It is a letter to my girl." "Girl I'm going to marty." And I don't care a cocked hat about the spelling. Wher f want to impress on that girl is law 1-u-w, and lots of it, for there's sixty acres of land and a sawmill schind has "-New York Sun.

WOMAN AND BUME

WIDE AND VARIED EXPERIENCE OF LADY ELY IN EUROPEAN LIFE,

The Photograph Album Retired-How One Actress Summers-How to Kill Oc Ants-Modern Italian Women-Cut the Children's Hair-Some Old Folks.

From Lady Elv's position she was thrown into intimute relations with nearly ever one worth knowing in every portion of Europe as well as her own country. Her friendship with the late emperor of the French and the Empress Eugenia began when, as the beautiful Mile de Montijo Lady Ely acted as chaperon to the em-press during the two of three seasons she passed in London before the emperor saw her and fell in love with hor, and no one knew more of the secrets of that wooing than Lady Ely. With all the great events of the empress' life Lady Ely was more or less connected. When the prince imperial was born Lady Ely was sent by the queen to be with the empress, and she used often laughingly to assure people who asserted their belief in the story that he was a supposititious child that no one who had been present could have any denots on the subject, and her description of the emperor's joy and delight when all was over was very

amusing.

When the queen and the prince consort paid their state visit to Paris Lady Ely was taken by the queen on account of her friendship with the empress. After the downfall of the empire she was one of the first to welcome the exiles at Chiselburst, and on the terrible morning when the news of the death of the prince imperial was told to the stricken empress, Lady Ely went to her at once to comfort and console her. She was essentially a wo every one turned to in sorrow and joy, for her sympathy is unfailing.

Perhaps the most interesting part of Lady Ely's life was her friendship with Count Cayour, who had the most enthusistic admiration and attachment for her and who but for her ties at court would certainly have ultimately made her his wife. She was, however, unwilling then to leave the queen, and his death, which came quickly and suddenly, terminated whatever hope there might have been of her changing her mind.-London World.

The Photograph Albam Retired. The plush covered and leather bound album has been banished, not only from ise, but from the house. There was a good deal of romance about the book and me of us may lay it aside with regret, but the fact remains that it has had its day and that settles the matter. In the bon bonniere, in the enamel brooch, in the

card case and in the back of the tablet

there is a space for the sweet face and the memories it calls up, while the man with entiment in his soul and a secret locked up in his heart can get a leather case with oom for the wife, mother or child.

For the cards and cabinet pictures of the men and women who come and go, leaving their influence on our lives, there are folding cases bound in leather or artist's silks,

with a capacity of from two to thirty pho

These book frames can be hung

up, used as punels along a door or fireplace, or put on a shelf or table. The most popular receptacle, however, is a box. You can get a chest made after the style of a cigar box of any size desired, and corate it to suit your taste or the surrounding room. A lining of satin or velret is easily applied with mucilage, and if at all skilled in handling the brush some wild flowers or a mask of Folly will enhance its beauty. A tip box, such as water crackers come in, is not bad, smeared with luster paints, but an oak box is better, since it serves as a sext when not open, and a palm or mallaca box is best if a sweet odor is desired. These are for the floor. For the table something more ornamental is required, and after the \$100 Dres-

den china there are tile boxes, porcelain boxes, and still others made of limoges. Then there are little bamboo stands, omething like a lady's work table, with several compartments in which views of scenery, statuery, cathedrals or castles inspection. This is an easy way to get at m. To be sure they will become soiled and dust worn, but that is the fate of all things material. -St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

How One Actress Lives in Summer. "It is the popular notion," said a well known actor, "that theatrical people as a rule have a bard time to make both ends meet during the summer months. This supposition, however, it is safe to say, is aly true in part, for the speadturift spirit of earlier days, which has been the staple of many a pleasant recital, is no longer a characteristic professional vice. Those who scatter their money to the winds, and in consenuence spend the heated term in a few and far between. There are many of the acting gold who have deft fingers and ant minds for other departments of life's ork, and when their season is ended in the labor of their choice they turn to those other employments, and find the rest of agreeable change as well as the profits of honest industry

"Cases in point are numerous, but I will tell you of one which is typical. I am acthe stage vacution earns a soug faceme by orative uses. She makes pictures from the crude article by cutting outline figures of men, women and children and the inferior animals and posting them on black eard board, afterward filling in the details with white lead. The combination produces a pleasing and striking sliboustie effect. Dif. ferent hues of the bark are employed in imparting contrasting colors to odd pictures The bark can be made to produce either comical or serious effects, according to the picture maker. Eyes, hair, buttons, etc., re put in with India ink. The actress I refer to is not only young but pretty, higheducated and a general favorite as well and ber father is an active member of the journalistic fratermry. Perhaps I am in discreet in thus giving her summer secret away, so I will make some amends by with holding her name." - Philadelphia In-

How to Kill Off Ants. Ordinarily in households the red ant is

not a nufsance from the actual loss which it causes by consuming food products, but from its inordinate faculty of getting into things. It is attracted by almost everyin the house, from sugar to polish, and from bath sponges to dead cockroaches. It seems to breed with enormous fecundity, and the toridental killing off of a thousand or so has little effect upon the apparent number. A house badly infested with these creatures is almost uninhabit able. They form their nests in almost any secluded spot, between the walls, or the floors, or behind the base boards, or among the trush in some old box or trunk, or in the lawn or garden walk just outside the door. In each of these nests several famales will be found, each laying her hundreds of eggs and attended by a retinue of workers caring for the larve, and starting out from dawn till dark on foreging expeditions in long single bies, like Indians on

Our first recommendation is to find the point from which they all come. They may have built the nest in some accessible spot, in which case a little kerosens of will and a large part, if not all, of the trouble. within reach, and the nearest accessible point and devote your energies to killing the ants off as they appear. Where the nests are conside nothing is easier than to find them and to destray the inhabitants with kenosen or bisulphide of carbon. The nests are aimest always in the vicinity of the house. The artis are peculiarly susceptible to the action of perutasum in any form, be it Persian or Diametian powder or buhach, and a free and persistent use of this powder will accomplish much.—Dr. C. this powder will accomplish much.—Dr. C. V. Riley in Philadelphia North American.

Modern Italian Young Women. In the middle classes fing dressing out of doors has to be combined with an ability (real or supposed) for keeping house. Fond mammas regale young men with stories of their daughters' prowess in cooking in a manner worthy of Goldsmith's "Mrs. Primrose," and have even been known to set the hopeful young women to sweeping and cleaning as soon as the expected ring was beard at the door in order that the hesitating aspirant might be brought to a

declaration by the sight of the girl's capac-

ity as a menial servant. Under these cir

eumstances marriage becomes simply an escape from intolerable dreamness. The idea of choosing a husband to whom she can prove a faithful wife rarely enters the Italian girl's head. She must be mar ried that she may be free. Some man of her acquaintance thinks she makes a good figure in the society he frequents, finds that her dowry is sufficiently large, and tired of "living" or destrous of settling down proposes for her hand. The young wife, if she belongs to the upper classes, finds herself suddenly in the possession of unbounded liberty. Her chief duty is to act as a sort of clothes peg, that the world may praise her busband's liberality. She can now go out alone, and having little to do at home, spends most of her time calling, promenading and gessiping. - St. James Gazette.

How to Clothe the Baby.

A baby's clothes should be sufficiently ing to cover its feet, but without the su perabundant length that we are accus tomed to see it wearing. The dress should not be low necked, for that exposes the throat and chest, and flannel should be worn next the skin. The long clothes should be discarded, if it were for no other reason than harboring dirt. do not serve the purpose of keeping the heat of the body. Besides, it is an extra expense, which, with poor people, is a con-

But baby is growing, and soon it reaches a period-that of shortming-which marks an epoch in babyhood. Then what do we The child wears a frock, low necked, sching little lower than the knees, and the sleeves are tied up with pieces of rib arms, legs, throat and chest to draughts. and it is small wonder if the most disas trous results follow. And to finish the costume baby wears the merest semblance of a sock, that still leaves the legs bare, or more frequently it wears no socks at all. By a law of nature it is well known that small bodies cool more readily than larger bodies. Here, then, at a time when the child should be kept specially warm, the best means of cooling it are afforded by improper clothing.—Mrs. F. C. Pressler.

Cut the Children's Hair.

The only way to keep a boy's bair healthy says a New York expert on huir, is to cut at regular intervals, keeping it at a reason-able length, so that it may cover his head and protect it from cold or draughts with out imposing any burden on it. exceptionally lusty and strong bair might employ the Fauntleroy long style of dress ing it without injury, but to the average youngster it was certain to bring some esult in the way of an impairment rsute growth. The direct effect of too ng hair was to exhaust the only secretion of the hair itself, and so destroy its vitality It also imposed a drag on the little bulb or root by which each hair is fastened in the

When this bulb is injured the healthy life of the hair is at an end. It censes to lubricate itself, and grows dry and brittle. actually dead it is so weakened that a slight pull or drag in combing it will bring The cutting of human hair, and if out. tion and reason as the printing of vines and trees and the clipping of grass. It prevents the sap from being distributed over too excirculation strengthans the parts to which it is applied.

Mrs. Phobe Trapis, of Hornellsville, N. Y., lived 104 years, and Matilda Hiley, of Raywick, Ky., died at the age of 115. Mrs., Sarah Horne, of Dover, N. H., is 99, and never fails to visit her friends every day valling two miles. Patrick Dailey, of Meriden, Conn., is well and hearty at the age of 102 years. Mrs. Bridget Eagan, of Rondout, N. C., is in good health at the age of 106. Mrs. Backsel Hicks, of Oyster Bay, L. I., lived to be 194. Bridget Fe recently died at the Home for the Aged I New York city at the age of 104, and "Un cle" William Sullivan, of Rienmond, Ca nandaigua connty, N. Y., is strong, healthy and in procession of all his faculties at the his memory good, and he frequently walks from his home to the village of Honeove and back, a distance of ten miles. Will-iam Shirley, a neighbor of Shiliyan, and a native of England, is 100 years of age, and was one of the stalwart soldiers of Wellington's army in the hotsle of Waterloo. Mrs. Annie Gaines, of Walton, is a century old, and so is Thomas Sanders of the same place.-Hernid of Health.

There is in this country no vegetable which is so generally despised because it is misunderstood as the carrot. When it is young and delicate in flavor it is little used. but when it is old and rank it is used and in such a large quantity as to gove if the reputation of being course and unpalata ble. Two or three slices of old carrots are ough to flavor three quarts of soup, yet it is pass unusual for a cook to put into her p two or three of those strong winter vegetables, or to soutter them in a stow as

There is something peculiarly disagree-able in the vegetable served in this way. The winter carrot can no more be made the basis of a stew or soup than cloves or any spice or condiment. It is simply a flavoring root, which must be used in modernson like bny icoves or any herb or spice. The spring carrot, on the contrary, a delimite, dellasous vegetable which makes an excellent cream roup, or which may be served in Flanders fashion vegetable in cresusauce.- New York Trib

I mean the noble, generous women. Hay it to her charge that this mother breaks berself down. She will not stop to rest. She tolls, tolls, toils! God play her, how grand is her love of us all! But, madam, why did you not sak your get that box for you? Why drag your sed weary fest up tours at the close of a day when you have walked more than on miles about the house? I may are to binme. You ere old enough to know might as well talk to-to a rose and formed t to breathe out fragrance and die. Why do you not nak John to get up and open the window? What if he is reading his paper? John would gladly do it if you asked it. John loves you; but it is not a man's na-ture to think of small services in behalf of If the next is in the wall or under the fact. his loved open, as it is a woman's nature, of the police and taking up a beast will not belon! A man is always thankful however, when side in 1800.

he is told what he can do. He ross mes-kicking himself that he did not perceive the necessity of his action; yet he is thank-ful, I assert, if he be at all manly.—New

York Weekly.

Where Mother is Wrong.

A mother of a family has no right to cease to be a companion to her husband simply at the dictates of her children. Of course the children will have the measles, and there will be times when the mother heart must stand by, night and day. But you are to blame, madam, if you let this go too far. When my wife is invited by that the property was to the property of the course. me to go to a concert and she says: dear! I'm too tired. Take Kittie!" it a dear! I'm too tired. Take Kittle!" it makes me mad. It hurts. Time was when she did not refuge my invitation. Didn't she, only last week, coolly propose that I "take Kittle" on my tap west and "show her Niagara Falls, she's never seen them," when I had proposed to fake her dear, tired self away and give her a rest of two weeks from all the children. Kittle, in-dead! I'll take the child to Niagara. deed! I'll take the child to Niagara at the proper time; if I don't, why. Niagara will keep till her husband takes her there on a wedding trip. I say wife was to blame in all this. But how can I tell her so? She would only burst into teams, complain of her hard lot and break me all up .- New York Weekly.

The Power of Perfume.

A particular perfume will often recall it in days long by, but it is not often the result is so tragically romantic as in the following instance: A highly nervous, sen-sitive gentieman lost his wife. After in. consolable grief he appeared to be again taking up his daily life much as usual, but he suddenly shot his said. It is said that upon his table this letter was found: "I had hoped to take courage and go on as be-fore, but in surning over her drawers and papers I found behind a heap of lines a flacon of the perfume she always used. I wished to pull out the cerk, but in doing so I let the bottle fall, which broke and the whole perfume was split on the floor. The scent was everywhere in the hous followed me like a shadow, made methink she was near and called me" - Here the letter ceased, and one can understand the fatal impulse which prompted the poor husband to his terrible act.-Exchange

To Clean Eld Gloves

Another method of cleansing kid gloves is to use naphtha, pouring it into a deep saucer. Put the gloves on the bands, and dip one hand at a time in the saucer, wet ting the glove thoroughly, then rub it quickly with a soft dry cloth. The rubbing must be done very quickly or the glove will look streaked.

Should there be any spots that were not removed with the first dipping and rub bing wet a corner of the cleth and rub the soiled part till if becomes clean. In using such votatile articles as maphths, benzine, chloroform and either the rubbing should be done very rapidly, that the stair may be removed before the liquid dries. Maria Parlos in Housewife.

Love on Board a Steamer

People who are not seasick fall in love with great facility on board ship, but people who are fall out of it with a greater quickness than can ever be imagined. If I could only give a suggestion to the bride it would be this: Forbid your husband see ing you until you are quite well. When a man is seasick he doesn't look as badly as a woman does. It is wobably because he is so crime hardened that nothing could affeet him, but a sensick women is enough to make every man forewear matrimore London Letter.

bed linen the practice of sonking them for some hours in water in which borax has been dissolved is a good one. Nor should clothing be boiled beyond fifteen or twenty minutes at the most. None but the best some ought to be used in any kind of washing, and after clothing has been rubbed in the first water and put loosely into the boiler, with plenty of water to sould it in, it should not require rubbing again in the sudsing water. If a child chokes in trying to swallow a

In washing all body linen, napery and

cle does not roll out of his mouth administer a dose of castor oil to aid its passage through the stomach and intestine Every woman who seeks to take her place side by side with man as his helper.

whether in borne, church, school or state, advances the despest interests of human y, for in no single relation of this world's life or work is it good for man to be alone. There is nothing so pleasant as fragrance in one's room. Break off branches of Norway spruce and place them in a vace of

water. In a few days tender pale green branches feather out, soft and cool to the touch, and giving a delightful health giv-Huber, the Geneva naturalist, was stone blind from 17 years of age, and it was only through the untiring amintance of his wife that he was able to study and completely master a branch of his science requiring

Richard Banter was nursed in Clerkenwell jail, and accompanied, when hunted up and down the country, by a wife, whom it intensifies her nobility to say, he married as much for convenience as love.

A room is ventilated best by opening the upper such of a window, because the hottest and worst air is always uses the ceiling.

The Cost of Living. While many skilled mechanics can command from \$1,000 to \$1,500 a year, working from seven to nine hours daily, cierks and accountants seldom reach that income, and many young professional men, ministers and doctors, pass some of their best years in attaining it. The assertion is all very well that a person cannot live on such a sum as \$3 a week, for instance; the cold fact remains that people do just that, and live well, too. Of ourse a number associated can fare better than two or three persons, for every housewife knows the advantage of relying upon the appetite or dietetic pecultarities of many individuals to strike a balance in table accounts.-Chicago

MIL AND MES LABOR

The public in general, but more partiesorly that class interested in foreign misof indignation and surrow when a brief cable disputch appointed recently the murder of Missionary Large and the wounding of his wife by native sense ins at Tokio, Japan. Mail advices, just at hand, give details of the tragedy.

The Rev. Mr. Large was a prescher of the Methodist church, and held the posttion of assistant instructor of divinity in a large native school at Tokio. his wife had retired one night their quar ters were invaded by two masked robbers, who bound the watchman and in the susequent strumple with the awakened mis-sionary stabbed him to death. Mrs. Large, who attempted to save her husband, received dangerous award seands, but will records. The miscreauts, evidently sness of the lower class, escaped, afterward one of them fell into the hands of the police. Mr. Large was born in